



1919

Ref.
974.48
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HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

Taunton, Massachusetts

The Year Book
of the School
Published by
the Senior Class

1919

Ref
974.48
T 19 J
1919
C.O. 2

C. A. HACK & SON, INC.
PRINTERS
TAUNTON, MASS.

3 2872 00296 6749

THE JOURNAL STAFF

1919

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EDITORIAL



HIS is a most crucial period. For four dragging years the controlling motive of all nations was war. America, strained to the utmost, gave her very soul to the cause. She enrolled herself in the momentous struggle against world famine and fed the allied nations. She built ships to defeat the German submarines and to protect the men and supplies which she sent abroad. She offered as sacrifices to the ideals for which she stands, thousands of men—the very cream of the country.

Now that the victory is won, the world is taking on new life. Science is developing rapidly, literature is expanding, the standards of nations have been raised, and humanity has been elevated to that exalted position which it ought rightfully to hold. As outgrowths of these changes, marvellous opportunities arise—opportunities which, calling to the growing generation, beckon them to venture on.

To live in such an age is a privilege—a wondrous fortune. It is a boon incomparable, belonging particularly to the graduating classes of 1919. There is imperative work for everyone to do. People are needed to restore, to heal, to refresh, to create anew the war-torn world. All graduating classes of 1919 ought to thrill with gratitude that in such an extraordinary era we can step out from high school into a larger sphere of preparation or service. We are the men and women of tomorrow, and heavy responsibilities will soon be upon our shoulders. For these we must endeavor to make ourselves efficient and capable. Let us, undaunted, go forth with purposeful ideals and firm determination to accomplish whatever we undertake. With honor, perseverance, and initiative as our watchwords, let us ever press on to the highest standard of character, always remembering that life is service.

CLASS HISTORY

RUTH A. GAMMONS



THE day is fresh in our memory when faint of heart, but strong in members, (there were about three hundred of us) we made our debut at Taunton High. Crowded conditions unfortunately drove our college pupils to the North Pleasant Street School. We began to gain our poise after our first extremely formal class meeting, under Mr. Ward's guidance, when the following officers were elected: Thacher Pardey, President; Rachel Hall, Vice President; William Hodges, Treasurer; Helen Hubbard, Secretary. We voted to elect officers annually in the hope of establishing a precedent. We chose a pretty class pin and selected green and gold for our class colors.

Our sophomore year we began to assume the aspect of real students. Loaded with books, we tried to convince our teachers that we really knew something. The result of our class election was as follows: Thacher Pardey, President; Alice Gregg, Vice President; William Bennett, Treasurer; Helen Hubbard, Secretary. The important sporting event of the year was a football game between our school and Brockton High. Our boys made us proud by winning not merely the game but also the championship of Southeastern New England. We feasted our laurel-winning heroes right royally at a banquet in their honor at the Y. M. C. A.

In due season we reached our junior year. Our officers this year were William Hodges, President; Helen Hubbard, Vice President; Earl Mader, Treasurer; Ruth Gammons, Secretary. This year was uneventful except for our excitement in watching the progress in the remodeling of the school rooms. Often we were poked into wing corners and came out sneezing dust and lime. More than once our dignity was injured when we tumbled over a pile of bricks in front of the office door. School was so upset that we voted to have no class play. There was no place to rehearse, and our hearts were too full of war to be especially interested in school plays. Though we were disappointed, we plied our extra energy to war work, and dug at our studies while the workmen dug at the walls.

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For three years we have been buffeted about, lunch rooms and corridors alike serving as recitation rooms. A few fortunate ones of the domestic science courses were promoted to the top floor, where they could often be found star gazing. We even had no assembly hall in which to exercise our lungs, and partake in those lively, get-together meetings Taunton High is noted for—no class play to enliven our spirits our junior year—no gymnasium work—but we survived.

This last year, however, has made up twice over the inconveniences we have had to bear. A new school with every modern convenience and advantage is certainly compensation. Domestic science rooms with up-to-date utensils, a gymnasium fitted out completely, telephones in every room, offices, emergency rooms, an attractive lunch room, an assembly hall of which any school might be proud, and best of all our old school spirit,—these are all ours now.

When as seniors we entered the portals of our new High School, we assumed an important air. The officers of the preceding year were again elected, but early in the year two of the offices were left vacant by the resignations of our efficient president and treasurer who left us to enter Tech. Their places were filled by Frederick Entwistle and Clayton Harvey respectively. To our class is due the honor of establishing a senior self-government study room. This was not an easy undertaking and is not yet worked out perfectly, but we hope the classes who follow us will try to perfect the work we have begun, and obtain the same self-reliance and satisfaction we have. Another innovation is our French club. Its members are becoming so accomplished in speaking French that even a tour through France would not abash them. A Peace Conference has been formed, the members of which even from the unsophisticated freshmen to the learned seniors preserve an outward calm. It is an august and learned assembly, and all state their views with force and firmness.

We are very proud of our Assembly Hall, where we hold our Peace Conference, and we boast of its stage, the largest in any school in the state. On Wednesday mornings, many a student has looked down from it with fear and trembling into the laughing, but envious eyes of his fellow-companions.

We shall long remember the day that we had the pleasure of hearing "Joe" Chapple, noted journalist, author, orator, and war correspondent. Mr. Chapple's experiences in the war-stricken territory

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were so vividly told that he held his audience spell-bound. His magnetic personality and genuineness won our admiration. We consider any one fortunate who hears this inspiring man.

Now that we are nearing the goal for which we have been striving, we regretfully sever our connections with Taunton High. Not unlike other classes, we have studied and played, laughed and wept. We have learned a good deal from books, from friends, from these four years of experience. The more we study the more we realize how little we know and how much the world has in store for us—how much we have to learn, until, with Mark Twain, "The older we grow the greater becomes our wonder at how much ignorance one can contain without bursting one's clothes."

SENIOR PORTFOLIO 1919



ALICE BEATRICE ALVES.

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

Alice, one of the silent members of our class entered from Cohannet, has pursued her studies in the Commercial Course diligently. She will do office work after graduation.

Cum laude.

WILLIAM EDGAR APPLETON.

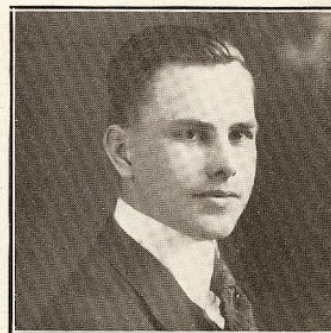
Begone, dull Care! I prithee, begone from me!
Begone, dull Care! thou and I shall never agree!"

Edgar, a Cohannet graduate, and one of the few who have had the privilege of studying in 103, has spent his leisure hours in the Technical Course, and will try his luck in M. I. T. next year.

Corporal T. H. S. C., '17.

1st Sergeant '18.

1st Lieutenant '19.



GLADYS APPLETON. "Glad."

"Angels are still bright, though the brightest fell."

"Glad" came to us from Cohannet and has taken the Normal Course, Next year she plans to enter Bridgewater Normal.

Class Pin Committee.

Decoration Committee for Football Banquet.

Cum laude.



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MORRIS ASHAPA.

"Unrivalled as thy merit be thy fame!"

Morris came from the High School of Commerce, Boston, and expects to attend an accounting school after graduation.



MILDRED ASHLEY.

"She is not yet so old but she may learn."

Berkley sent us Mildred, who has taken the Commercial Course. She will do office work next year.

MADELINE WEBSTER BABBITT.

"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."

Every day fresh from Berkley, comes Madeline. A graduate of Weir Grammar she has taken the Commercial Course and is to do office work.

Cum laude.



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SEELEY BABCOCK. "Bab."

"What cannot be cured must be endured."

After taking the College Course two years, "Bab" decided he didn't like Latin and changed to the Technical Course.

BEATRICE MAE BELDEN. "Be".

"From whose eyelids also, as they gazed,
dropped love."

"Be" graduated from Weir Grammar and, when not otherwise employed, has taken the Commercial Course. She is a member of Mr. Walker's sewing circle. Next year she is in for office work.

Member A. A.



ARTHUR RUSSELL BELYEA. "Rus".

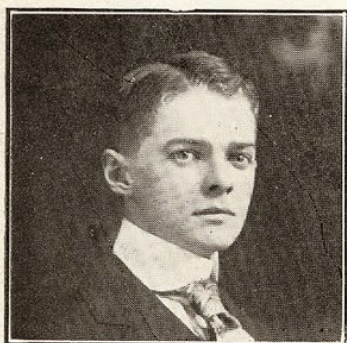
"Who says in verse what others say in
prose."

"Rus" hailed from Cohannet and has taken the Technical Course. He is now headed for M. I. T. He has enlivened many dull study periods in 101 with his comic rhymes.

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '19.

Member A. A.

Cum laude.



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WILLIAM HOWARD BENNETT, JR.
"Bill".

"Some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

After Bill got his passports from Winthrop, he attempted to plow his way through the Technical Course, though inclining somewhat toward the College. Bill is placing strong reliance on his knowledge of Latin to get into Tufts Medical College.



Major T. H. S. C. '19.

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '18.

Treasurer T. H. S. C. '17, '18.

Financial Committee T. H. S. C.

'16 '17, '18

Football '16, '17, '18.

Class Treasurer '17.

Football Banquet Committee '17.

Member "T" Club.

"Big Six".

Member A. A.

School Council '19.

Pin Committee '16.



MARGARET HILDEGUARDE
BLEVINS. "Bunny".

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

"Bunny," a graduate of Winthrop, has taken the Commercial Course. She is enrolled for office work.

FLORENCE GERTRUDE BOSTOCK.

"Flo".

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

"Flo", a quiet miss from Cohannet, has taken the College Course. Next year she trains at the Deaconess Hospital.

Member A. A.



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RAYMOND B. BOURGOIN. "Burgy."

"My life is one demd horrid grind."

"Burgy", one of the gang from Weir Grammar, has pursued his studies in the College Course. Without his presence, our study room would have been a complete failure.

Corporal T. H. S. C. '19.

MILTON JOSEPH BOYD. "Milt".

"My punishment is greater than I can bear."

"Milt," a graduate of Cohannet, was one of those few mortals who were invited to study in 103. He has taken the Commercial Course and is headed for B. U.

School Orchestra.



GREATOREX CHARLES BRADSHAW

"Gret."

"If music be the food of love, play on!"

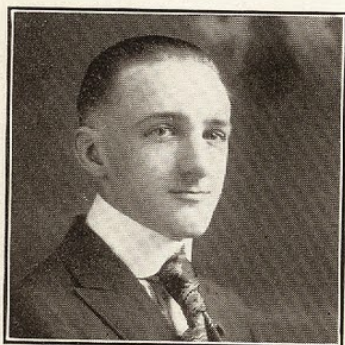
"Gret," our class musician, hailed from Cohannet. When he has not been playing the piano, he has been following the Technical Course. He expects to go to M. I. T.

Corporal T. H. S. C. '17.

Sergeant '18.

1st Sergeant '19.

Composer of Music for Ode.



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GERTRUDE ANNA BRADY. "Bab."

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

"Bab" came into our midst from Cohannet. Basketball and the Commercial Course have occupied most of her time; she will finish her business education at Burdett.

Member A. A.
Basketball '16.



JOHN JOSEPH BRADY.

"Ah why
Should life all labour be?"

John, another of the gang from Weir Grammar, has taken the Commercial Course.

REBECCA BRAVERMAN. "Becky."

"For I am nothing if not critical."

Every morning the Brockton car brings us "Becky," a graduate of the Gilmore Grammar School. She has taken a combination of the College and Commercial Courses.

Member A. A.
Magna cum laude.



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HAZEL CORINNE BREMNER. "Hazie."

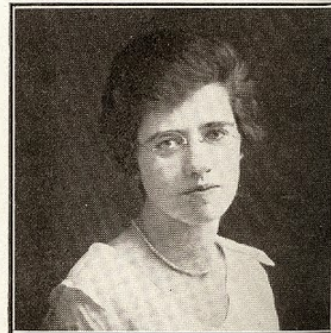
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

"Hazie" came to us from Cohannet. She has applied herself to the Commercial Course during her four years in high school.

ELSIE M. BRIMICOMBE. "Peggy."

"Amiability shines by its own light."

"Peggy," a graduate of Cohannet, has faithfully pursued the studies of the Normal Course and is headed for Bridgewater Normal.



DOROTHY BRYANT. "Dot."

"One vast substantial smile."

"Dot," deciding that Taunton High was better than Westerly High, has spent her last year here preparing to go to Simmons to fit for a Medical Secretary. She is a member of Mr. Walker's Sewing Circle.



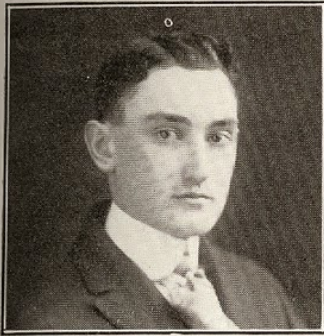
Member A. A.

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MARY RITA BUCKLEY. "May."

"And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

May has visited in the Commercial department for the past few years, having entered high school from Cohannet.



HOWARD ELWOOD BURT. "Burtie."

"He has done the work of a true man."

Burtie, another from Cohannet, has taken the Technical Course and hopes to enter Wentworth next fall. His leisure time has been spent in the cadets.

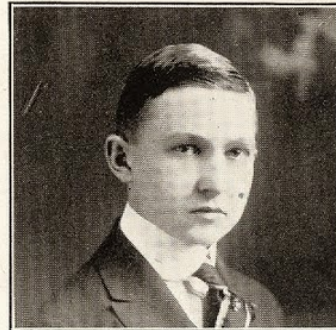
EARLE STANTON CARPENTER

"Lizzie," "Divi."

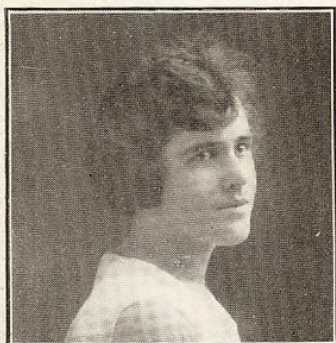
"The angels sang in heaven when he was born."

Behold! our own dear "Lizzie" fresh from Rehoboth. He feels that a big part of his life he has spent on the Providence car. Next year he is going to some preparatory school.

Member A. A.



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HELEN CARROLL. "Nellen."

"I have ease and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air."

Helen is a Cohannet graduate who has taken the Commercial Course with a view to office work.

Member A. A.

MARION HAZEL CHILD. "Marri."

"What a strange thing is man!
And what a stranger is woman!"

"Marri," another of the Commercial students, daintily crept in from Weir Grammar. Business College for her next year.



DOROTHY LIZETTE CLAY. "Dot."

"A progeny of learning."

Another Cohannet graduate is "Dot." She has struggled through the College Course on the way to Boston University.

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CARRIE ATHERN COOMBS.

"Coombsie."

"I chatter, chatter as I go."

"Coombsie" slipped in from Weir Grammar and has whispered her way through the College Course. We suggest that she be a book agent; her tongue can have full play.

Member A. A.



SARAH COOPERSTEIN. "Coopie".

"An angel! or if not
An earthly paragon."

Hopewell donated "Coopie," who has plowed through the College Course and is headed for Brown University.

Member A. A.



GLADYS MARIE CRAIG. "Craigie."

"Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired."

"Craigie" walked in from the Dickerson High School, Jersey City. She has successfully pushed her way through the College Course and plans to enter Brown in the fall.

Member A. A.
Semi-chorus



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MIRIAM CRANNAGE.

"Kinksie," "Snooks."

"I was born for rejoicing."

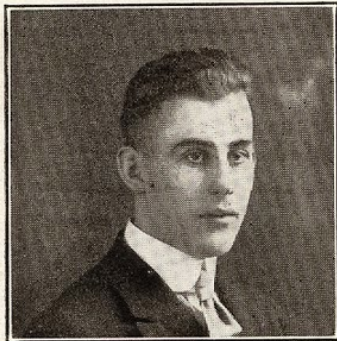
"Snooks," from Cohannet, is the most active member of Mr. Walker's Sewing Circle. She has taken the Commercial Course preparing for office work.

MARY EILEEN CRONAN.

"The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil."

Mary, from Weir Grammar, has talked her way through the College Course. Next year she is going to an Art School.

Art Editor of Journal.
Member A. A.



ATHERTON EVERETT CROWELL.

"At."

"I did not care one straw."

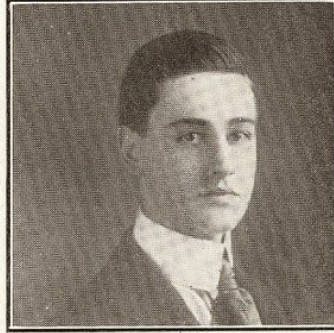
"At," from Cohannet, has taken the Commercial Course. He is going to Boston University next year.

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HENRY FOULDS CULVER. "Henny."

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

"Henny," a Cohannet graduate, has diligently applied himself to the Technical Course. M. I. T. for him next year.



Private T. H. S. C. '17.
Sergeant '19.

Advertising Editor of Journal.
Member A. A.

Committee on Senior Study Room. Committee on Senior Class Night.
Magna cum laude.

CLARA ASENATH DARY. "Billy."

"So buxom, blithe, and debonair."

"Billy," from North Dighton, has passed pleasantly through the Normal Course, studying now and then.

Waitress at Alumni Banquet.
Head Waitress at Football Banquet.
Member A. A.



LOUISE FRANCIS DEAN. "Peg."

"Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?"

"Peg" has moved demurely among us for the past four years. She has overcome the perils of the College Course and will probably join her sister at Hunter next fall.



Member Cercle Francais.

Kappa Phi Delta.

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PALMA DICKERMAN. "Dick."

"I cannot hide what I am."

Dick came along with the bunch from Cohannet and has plowed through the Technical course so rapidly that we decided he was good enough for M. I. T. He entered Tech in January.

Second Lieutenant Co. A. '18

Corporal 1917-18.

RUTH AMELIA DUFF. Toots."

"Learned and fair and good is she."

"Toots" is one of our musical set and came to us a hopeful from Hopewell. She has taken the Commercial Course and intends to take her place in business soon after graduation.

Semi-chorus.



FREDERICK TURNER ENTWISTLE

"Freddy."

"Excellence is the reward of labor."

Our class president came from the South school and has been one of our most prominent members for the past four years. His keen intellect has carried him successfully through the Technical Course. He enters M. I. T. in the fall.

President of Class '19.
President of Council '19.
President of Debating Club '19.
Chairman of Room Committee '19.

Class Play Committee '18.
Member A. A.
Magna cum laude.

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ANNIE MARY FALLON.

"So bedecked, ornate, and gay."

To be on the safe side Annie has taken both the Commercial and General Course, but she has finally decided to pound knowledge into the youth of our community.



ANNA MAY FENTON.

"Mindful not of herself."

Anna came from Cohannet and has taken the College Course for four years.

JOSEPH P. FITZGERALD. "Fitz."

"Ay, but give me quietness."

Hopewell donated to our class Fitz who has labored more or less in the General Course.

Baseball '18.



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KATHERINE MARY FLANGHEDDY.

"Kitty."

"But thou dost make the very night itself
brighter than day."

"Kitty," from Hopewell, has taken the
Commercial Course for four years, ever
smiling.

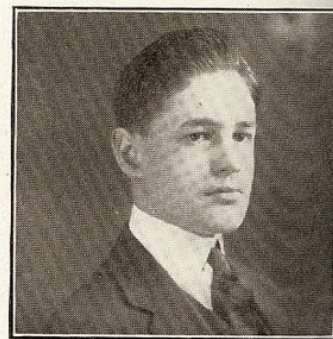
Member A. A. '18.

Cum laude.

KENDALL HATHAWAY FLINT.

"They conquer who believe they can."

Kendall came from the South School
and is a Tauntonian by a narrow margin.
He has been one of the prominent mem-
bers of our class and a leader in all its
activities. He will study at Amherst next
year.



Member of Room Committee.

Associate Editor of Journal.

Treasurer Le Cercle Francais.

Member A. A.

Cum laude.



LAURA FRANCES FULLER.

"Today for thee, and tomorrow for me."

Laura came to us along with the rest of
the Cohannet bunch. She eagerly awaits
the gong at noon which will release her
from the tedious studies of the Commercial
Course.

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FLORENCE A. GAFFNEY.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought."

Florence entered T. H. S. from the Weir School and has faithfully worked her way through the Normal Course preparatory for Bridgewater Normal. We expect to see her in a few years arguing with some freshman.

Member Le Cercle Francais.

Member A. A.



RUTH ALICE GAMMONS

"Rutty."

"Here's her health, and wishing they was all like her!"

And yet another from Cohannet is jolly, good-natured "Rutty" who has served as class secretary for two years. We are proud to send such a representative to the Y. W. C. A. Boston School of Domestic Science, for we know she will be successful in her work there.

Waitress at Football Banquet '16.

Waitress at Alumni Banquet '16.

Semi-chorus.

Member A. A.

Class Secretary '18-'19.

Associate Editor of Journal.

Committee on Senior Study Room.

Committee on Class Night.

Cum laude.

FAUSTINE LOUISE GIBSON.

"Teen-Teen."

"I have rarely seen a more agreeable woman."

Faustine is one of the numerous contingent that came from Cohannet and has spent her four years at T. H. S. peacefully and placidly.

Member A. A.

Member Le Cercle Francais.

Cum laude.



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FANNIE MAY GOVE. "Fan."

"Oh! there is something sublime in calm endurance."

"Fan," from the Weir Grammar, has passed quietly through the Normal Course in preparation for Bridgewater Normal.

Member Le Cercle Francais.

HAZEL GRAY.

"Knowledge is no burden."

Hazel, from Cohannet, has prepared for all emergencies by taking the College and General Course.

Member A. A.

Member Le Cercle Francais.

Magna cum laude.



ALICE JANET GREGG. "Greggy."

"I love society."



Here is "Greggy," one of the happy-go-lucky members of the class. Studying does not worry her, for, after all, why should it? She always gets by. Next year Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School will claim her.

Vice president of class '17.

President of Kappa Phi Delta.

Waitress Football Banquet.

Member A. A.

Mandolin Club '17.

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GEORGE DONALD GUTHRIE. "Don."

"Why all this toil and trouble?"

Since "Don" became a member of our class from Cohannet, he has been a reporter of the activities of our school. He has also found time to interest himself in the College Course and is preparing to go to Tufts.

Instructor in Physical Drill.

Corporal Cadets '18.

High School Reporter '17, '18, '19.



CLAYTON HARVEY. "Clayt."



"However; I must wait and see what turns up, and hope for the worst."

"Clayt" came from Lothrop and has found sufficient amusement in the Technical Course to keep him from mischief. He is planning to enter M. I. T. next year.

Class Treasurer '19.

Cheer-leader '18.

Member A. A.

Senior Study Room Committee.

HELEN NEWELL HARVEY. "Harpy."

"Of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth."

"Harpy," from Lothrop, has endured many hardships in getting to school. She graduates from the College Course.

Kappa Phi Delta.

Member A. A.

Secretary Le Cercle Francais.



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HILDA LOUISE HATHAWAY.

"Scotchy".

"Sweet and fair she seems to be."

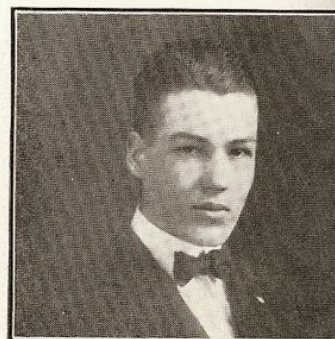
"Scotchy" hails from the County St. School and has taken the college course with typewriting and stenography in preparation for Boston University.

Member A. A.

WILLIAM L. HAWLEY. "Bill."

"Love me little, love me long."

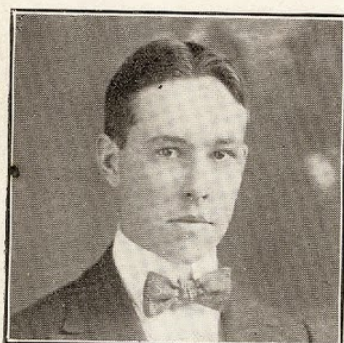
Military life appeals to "Bill;" he has taken an active part in the cadets during his high school career. He came from Cohannet and is now making his way toward "Tech."



Color Sergeant in Cadets '18.

Captain in Cadets '19.

Military Editor of Journal.



WILLIAM HODGES. "Bill."

"Everything is good on the highway."

Bill is another of the host from Cohannet. He has indulged in the Technical course when not engaged in organizing school orchestras or running class meetings. Never mind, Bill has gone to Tech and, since last January, has shown the pros there he's O. K.

Class President '17, '18.

Sergeant Cadets '17.

First Lieutenant Co. A. '17.

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FLORENCE CAROLINE HODGKINS.

"Chummy."

"Happy art thou as if every day thou had'st picked up a horseshoe."

"Chummy" brought her happy disposition with her when she came to us from the Winthrop School. The Commercial Course has taken up her time. In the near future we expect to see her in the role of stenographer.



ALICE WHITCHURCH HOLLINDALE

"Allie."

"A lovely lady."

Quiet and unassuming "Allie" is a favorite with everyone. Since coming from Hopewell, she has pursued the even tenor of her way through the Commercial Course.



EDWIN IRVING HOPE "Spes."

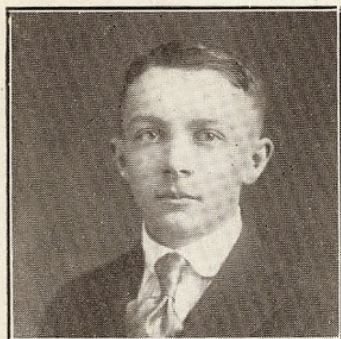
"Sweeter is every sound, sweeter thy voice."

"Spes," who came from Hopewell, is the Caruso of our class. But unlike most artists he prefers a business career to the world of song.

Member of Le Cercle Francais.



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ORVILLE HOWARD "Shirt."

"Our hands are full of business; let's away;
Advantage feeds them fat, while men
delay."

"Shirt" is one of the many from Hope-
well who has feigned wisdom in the Tech-
nical Course in the hope of going some-
where sometime.

Member of Le Cercle Francais.

EMMA MILDRED HOWE.

"How she can talk! ! !

Emma has satisfactorily completed her
work in the Commercial Course and some-
time expects to be a General Amanuensis.

Cum laude



HELEN WHEELER HUBBARD.



"To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heavens forget all
measure."

Our class may well be proud of "Hubby,"
one of the most popular of our girls.
She came to us from Cohannet and has
ploughed through the College Course with
success. Next year she is planning to go
to Smith.

Class Secretary '16-'17.
Football Banquet Committee.
Waitress at Football Banquet.
Semi-Chorus '18.
Vice President '18-'19.
Member A. A.

Author of Class Ode.
Committee Senior Study Room.
Flag Committee.
Editor-in-chief of Journal.
President Le Cercle Francais.
Committee Senior Class Night.

Cum laude.

JOURNAL

GORDEN HUGHES. "Hughsy."

"How he did seem to live into our hearts."

Hughsy blew in from Cohannet and dabbled with the Technical course for three and one-half years and then decided to help the N. Y., N. H. & H. by his daily rides to and from M. I. T.

Sergeant Cadets '17.

Captain Co. A. '18



EVELYN L. IVES. "Ivesy."

"To speak in public on the stage."

"Ivesy" is a Hopewell product and has made her way through the Commercial Course. She intends to enter the Emerson College of Oratory next fall where we hope eventually her eloquence will rival that of Portia.

Member of A. A.

Library Assistant.

JOHN FRANCIS JOSSELYN.

"Josh," "Doc."

"At school I passed with some eclat."

"Josh" graduated from Hopewell and has taken the course of Manual Arts.



Sergeant '17, '18.

Committee on Class Play '18.

Member of Le Cercle Francais.

Treasurer of T. H. S. C. '19.

JOURNAL



EVERETT KANDARIAN. "Ev."

"From the rugged rocks of Rehoboth."

In the intervals between his daily journeys to and from Rehoboth, "Ev" has managed to find time to excel in the Business Course. Judging from his work in school, we know he will succeed in the business world.

EDWARD KERTON. "Ed."

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease."

"Ed" is a Hopewell product. He has succeeded in passing the Technical Course, and although he is undecided as to what he will do in the future, we all wish him success.



GLENDORE HENRY KING. "Kinks."

"Weep not while in my presence."

Here he is! "Kinks" from the Hopewell school. His Majesty has joyously pursued his way through the Commercial Course, and his wit has helped to cheer many of us in Room 101. He is aiming high as he intends to join the Aviation Corps.



Honorable Mention Setting-up Drill T. H. S. C. '16.
Cashier lunch-room '19.

JOURNAL

KATHERINE ESTHER KING. "Kink."

"A diligent young lady as busy as a bee."

"Kink" comes from Squabetty and has taken the Normal Course. She intends to go to Dr. Sargent's School of Physical Culture. Maybe she will teach gymnastics in our new gym. in a few years. Who knows?



Member A. A.

Le Cercle Francais.

CURTIS B. KINGSBURY. "Kingy."

"Five days in the week, then, I struggle and strive

And O! but the sixth is blest."

"Kingy," a graduate of Cohannet, has good-naturedly pursued his way through the intricacies of the College Course. We expect to hear good reports from him at Dartmouth.



Vice-president Le Cercle Francais.
Cheer Leader '18, '19.
Corporal T. H. S. C. '18.
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '19.

2nd Lieut. T. H. S. C. '19.
Manager Baseball team '18.
Member "Little Eleven."
Member A. A.

JOSEPH KLEIN. "Joe."

"A man of no regrets."

Joe from Hopewell has filled all the requirements of the Commercial Course.



JOURNAL



OTTO R. H. KNOPP.

"Who shall guess what I may be?"

From the Lewis School of Boston came Otto. He has been one of the few quiet members of the Technical Course.

Member Le Cercle Francais.
Cum laude.

JOSEPH E. LAWLOR. "Joe."

"Expand my willing mind."

Joe is another of the Cohannet graduates who has recited in both the General and College Courses.



EMOLYN DEAN LEACH. "Bill".

"A charming disciple of Virgil's own school."

Emolyn, a graduate from the Hopewell, has studiously labored through the College Course. Neither Latin, nor mathematics has any terror for this honor pupil.

Basket-ball '16.
Member Le Cercle Francais.

Kappa Phi Delta.
Magna cum laude.

JOURNAL

CURTIS G. LEAVITT. "Curt."

"My little learning fadeth fast away."

"Curt," from Weir Grammar School, has bluffed his way through the Technical Course. He has been the life of Room 101. Curtis is undecided what faculty to turn to the best advantage.



Corporal T. H. S. C.

Member A. A.

Member Le Cercle Francais.

ELSIE FRANCES LEONARD. "Bill O."

"How patient the eternal power
That wove the marvel of your hair."

Elsie has busied herself with the Commercial Course while not attending the frequent meetings of the Kappa Phi Delta. She intends to take up Physical Education at Skidmore School of Art.



Kappa Phi Delta.

Basket-ball '16.

Member A. A.

MILDRED HAZEL LEONARD. "illie."

"Talk of fairies! I never see anybody so light to be alive—never."

Another of Cohannet's famed graduates is Mildred. She has danced more than she has studied. We wish her success when she takes up her new line of work at the Business School.



Member A. A.
Flag Committee.

Kappa Phi Delta.
Magna cum laude.

JOURNAL



JOHN F. LUNNEY. "Lun."

"I yearn for the future, vague and vast."

Lunney, one of the Winthrop School graduates, has quietly completed the Commercial Course. We hope that his business career holds in store for him all that he anticipates.

Cum laude.

SADIE AGNES LYNCH. "Sade."

"Her voice was ever low and gentle."

One of the Weir Grammar School's contributions is Sadie who has spent four tedious years in the College Course. She plans to continue her studies at Boston University.



CECIL MACALOON. "Cecil."

"Pleasure! why my life is pleasure."

A contribution from Cohannet, Cecil has flown through the Normal Course with many smiles and little studying. Cecil continues her course at Bridgewater.

JOURNAL

EILEEN MARY McCARTHY. "I."

"Thy goodness doth excel."

Eileen came to us from the Weir Grammar School, and has successfully toiled through the Normal Course. She will continue her studies at Bridgewater.

Le Cercle Francais.
Member A. A.



MARGUERITE MACDONALD.

"Pinky."

"You was turned up trumps originally, and trumps you must be till you die."

When not busying herself on committees, captivating "Pinky," of Leonard School fame, has spent her time on the College Course. It seems rather strange to imagine "Pinky" a sedate nurse, but we wish her the greatest success in her chosen vocation.



Kappa Phi Delta.
Secretary School Council.
Flag Committee.
Le Cercle Francais.
Waitress at Football Banquet.

Associate Editor of Journal.
Pin Committee '16.
Basket-ball '16.
Member A. A.
Cum laude.

NORMA LYDIA MACOMBER.

"Thou art the same for ever and for aye—"

Norma, from the County Street School, has quietly and conscientiously borne the trials of the Commercial Course.



JOURNAL

EARL MADER.



"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sunshine everywhere."

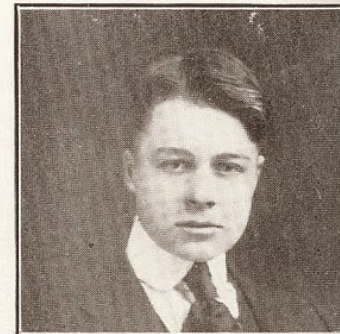
Earl jumped in from Cohannet, and after showing considerable skill in absorbing the Technical course, he left for Tech in January forming the quartet of Cohannetites who go to Boston daily.

Class Treasurer '17 '18

FREDERIC F. MANN.

"Yea, what a goodly company ye be."

We are grateful to the Weir Grammar School for bestowing a Mann upon us. Fred is a "good scout and a perfect gentleman." His favorite pastime is at Westville with the business end of a golf club. He has dreams of attending M. I. T.. Don't worry, Fred will make good anywhere!



Assistant Business Manager
Journal.

Cheer Leader '18, '19.

Member A. A.

Corporal T. H. S. C. '18.

1st Sergeant Co. B, T. H. S. C. '18.

2nd Lieutenant Co. B, T. H. S. C. '19.



RUTH WILMARTH MARVEL. "Rufus."

"She had the blithest little laugh you ever heard."

From Rehoboth Grammar School came "Rufus," who has diligently been engrossed in the College Course. We are proud of the honor pupil who will continue her education at Brown.

School Council

Le Cercle Francais.

Magna cum laude.

JOURNAL

GERALDINE DOROTHY MATTOS.

"Always at work."

Geraldine, one of the quiet members from the Weir Grammar School, has more or less diligently meandered through the General Course. After graduation Geraldine expects to put to use what the faculty have taught her.



Member A. A.

BEATRICE E. McADAM. "B."

"Honest, loyal, blithe, and bluff,
And open as her face."

Beatrice came to us from Hopewell bringing her happy, cheerful disposition to cheer us in our down-hearted moods. She has taken the Commercial Course. Her ambition is to become a student at Boston University.



Member A. A.

KATHERINE McMAHON. "Kath."

"She prospers who labors."

From Weir Grammar School comes "Kath" who, constantly at work, has at last reaped her reward. She has taken the Normal Course in preparation for Bridgewater.



Le Cercle Francais.

Magna cum laude.

JOURNAL



ELIZABETH AGNES McMANUS.

"Bess."

"I cannot perish utterly:
For I shall always grow."

From the Immaculate Conception Parochial School came quiet "Bess." She has diligently pursued the General and Commercial Course.

Cum laude.

ANNA E. McNELLY.

"Oh, she's a clever girl."

Anna came to us from St. Mary's, New Bedford, and has successfully completed the General Course. Next year she will go to the Massachusetts General Hospital to train for nursing.

Member A. A.

Senior Study Room Committee.



MARJORIE THARSILLA MEHEGAN

"Marge."

"But oh, to dance all night and chat all day!"

"Marge" has danced and chattered for four years through the General Course. Marjorie is planning to go to Business School this fall.

Kappa Phi Delta.

Member A. A.

JOURNAL

NATALIE CUTLER NEWHALL. "Nat."
"We don't all of us do what we ought,
do us?"

Among the number of cheerful students who have inhabited T. H. S. for four years is "Nat." She is the type of girl to have around on gloomy days as she is always ready with a joke. She came to us from Cohannet and indulged in the College Course. "Nat" expects to go to Lasell next year.



Waitress at Football Banquet.
Self Government Committee.

Treasurer of Kappa Phi Delta.
Class Pin Committee '16.

Member A. A.

CLEMENT GOULD NOYES. "Clem."

"Much might be said on both sides."



Shortly after Clem relieved the teachers of Weir Grammar of the responsibility of looking after him, he entered High School. He took the Technical Course and, when not occupied in making a prize winner out of Co. B, he was often to be found attempting to unravel the mysteries of geometry.

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '18.
Captain Co. B. T. H. S. C. '19.
Business Manager Journal '19
Study Room Committee '19.

"Big Six."
School Debating Team.
Member A. A.

DOROTHY GARDNER OGG. "Dot."

"Ever babbling, ever bubbling."

Dorothy, a Weir Grammar School graduate, has buzzed away the tedious hours in Room 102 and chattered merrily through the Commercial and General Courses.

Member A. A.



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CHARLES THACHER PARDEY

"Duke."

"The ever-burning lamp of accumulated wisdom."

One of the most active members of our class is Thacher, who escorted the crowd from Cohannet. He has earnestly applied himself to work in the Technical Course, yet preserving some time for more interesting occupations.

Class President '16, '17.

School Council '16.

Chairman Pin Committee '16.

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '18.

Lieutenant T. H. S. C. '19.

Senior Study Room Committee '19.

Adjutants T. H. S. C. 19.

Captain Debating Club.

Associate Editor Journal.

Big Six.

Member A. A.

Summa cum laude.

WILLIS WALDRON PATTEN. "Red."

"I'll not budge an inch."

Four years ago Red managed to skin through the ninth grade at Cohannet, and entered High School to take up the General Course. Now standing upon the threshold of the world, he has not yet decided where to turn.



WINTHROP HARTWELL PATTEN

"Pat."

"For every man with his affects is born."

After "Pat" escaped from the terrors of Cohannet, he entered High School to take up the Commercial Course. Now after four years of torture in this department, he has chosen the lesser evil and is going to work.

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '18.

Color Sergeant T. H. S. C. '19.



JOURNAL

ALVERA W. PEDRO. "Birdie."

"Sweet contentment's blest abode."

Birdie, sometimes known as Al, was a graduate of Weir Grammar. She has been spending her time upon the General Course, and it is expected that next year she will be found in Howard Seminary.

Waitress at Banquet.
Member A. A.



FLORENCE RUTH PEPPER. "Pep."

"You know the old girl."

Pep, a Hopewell girl, has devoted some of her time to the Commercial Course. Next year she expects to be found at either the Bryant and Stratton or Sargent School.

Secretary Kappa Phi Delta '19.
Study Room Committee '19.
Flag Committee, '19.
Secretary Room Committee '19.

Member A. A.
Football Committee '15.
Semi-chorus '17, '18.
Cum laude.

IDA RUDOLPH. "Ruddy."

"And out of mind as soon as out of sight."

Ruddy was handed over to us by the Leonard School, and, ever since, has been busily engaged with the College Course. Having nothing else to do, she is going to Normal School next year.



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CLAIRE ELIZABETH RANDLETT

"Betsey."

"Large bodies move slowly."

Cohannet passed "Betsey" on to us, and to the Commercial Course. Having successfully completed her work in this direction, she has decided to take up stenography for her occupation.

HELEN W. READ.

"A penny for your thought."

Helen was one of the delegation from the Leonard School and for four years has been studiously engaged in the College Course. Among her favorite studies are Geometry, Algebra, and Chemistry, and by the help of these she hopes to enter Smith College.



Waitress Football Banquet '17.
Member A. A.
Kappa Phi Delta.

Mandolin Club '17.
Junior Red Cross Board.
Magna cum laude.



WINTHROP HARTWELL PATTEN

"Pat."

"For every man with his affects is born."

After "Pat" escaped from the terrors of Cohannet, he entered High School to take up the Commercial Course. Now after four years of torture in this department, he has chosen the lesser evil and is going to work.

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '18.

Color Sergeant T. H. S. C. '19.

JOURNAL

ALICE RILEY.

"Neither our virtues or our vices are all our own."

Alice is one of our friends who came to us from the Winthrop School. Her principal pastime in High School has been an attempt to master the Normal Course. As a result she has not as yet been able to decide upon her plans for the future.



LINCOLN RUDDOCH. "Spider."

"Hold the fort for I am coming." *

"Spider", who entered from Cohannet, has crawled through the Commercial Course successfully.

IDA RUDOLPH. "Ruddy."

"And out of mind as soon as out of sight."

Ruddy was handed over to us by the Leonard School, and, ever since, has been busily engaged with the College Course. Having nothing else to do, she is going to Normal School next year.



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HARRY SANDLER. "Barnie."

"I leave him to your gracious acceptance."

After Barnie left Cohannet, he forgot how to grow and he has never regained his memory. He has been so busily employed by the Commercial Course that he has not yet had time to decide where he is going.

MINNIE E. SCHEMPP. "Shrimp."

"Sunny as her skies."

Before "Shrimp" came to High School to take up the Commercial Course, she passed the time away at Cohannet. However, after mastering the mysteries of trial balances, etc., she has decided to become a stenographer, and expects to be engaged in this work soon.



Member A. A.

Cum laude.



ROBERT GARDNER SEARS. "Bob."

"The world knows only two; that's Rome and I".

Bob was wished on us by Hopewell. After spending four years with us, dividing his spare time between Hanson's and the Technical Course, he claims to be going to M. I. T.

Football '17, '18.

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DORIS CAROLINE SHAW. "Snookie."

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

Although we can hardly believe it, "Snookie" came from Rehoboth. After escaping from said township, she began to try her luck with the Commercial Course. We do not know the result of the contest as she has not given us any intimation of what she intends to do.

Waitress Alumni Banquet.



Member A. A.

MILTON BARTLETT SHAW.



"His actions show much like to madness."

Four years ago Cohannet gave Milton up as a bad job and sent him on to High School. Outside of the fact that he will not confess that he has a nickname, we have nothing against him. He is an exponent of the Commercial Course, but has been so busily engaged that he has not decided what to do.

Corporal T. H. S. C. '19.

ALTHEA ELSWORTH SIMMONS. "Al."

"Virtue is like rich stone—best plain set."

"Al" registered from Cohannet and has spent the greater share of her spare time upon the Commercial Course. She goes out to take up more arduous tasks in the field of industry.



Cum laude.

JOURNAL

IRENE LEWIS SMITH.



"An ill weed grows apace."

Irene is not an ill weed. She was another one of that varied assortment that came to us from the Leonard School. She has been experimenting with the Commercial Course off and on, and, as far as we know, has not yet come to any decision regarding the future.

ORVILLE C. SMITH. "Smithy."

"Condemn the fault and not the actor of it."

"Smithy" was another of that unlucky number from Cohannet. After four years, most of which time was spent on the Commercial Course, he has at last got up enough courage to quit parting his hair. He must think school is too easy, for he says he is going to work.



AMEY P. STAPLES. "Skipper."

"A whisper and then a silence."



Although laboring under the difficulty of having come from Myricks, Amey has managed to survive. Not only has she successfully endured the Commercial Course, but she is going to continue the agony at Normal School.

JOURNAL

ANNIE MADELYN STAPLES. "Ann."

"There is a great deal in the first impression."

Ann was part of our heritage from the Leonard School. When in High School she condescended to spend her spare time, or part of it, in the Commercial Course. Now after surviving the many difficulties presented by this phase of education, she expects to be soon found at work.



Kappa Phi Delta.

Member A. A.

EDITH BLANCHE STOCKMAN.

"Cutie."

"Reputation is a jewel."

After "Cutie" escaped from the clutches of Bowditch School of Peabody, the lure of Taunton was too much. She has spent four years with us, attacking the Commercial Course. After having surmounted its difficulties, she now expects to turn her attention toward real work.



MIRIAM FRANCES STRANGE

"Mims."

"Yes, call me by my pet-name."

The South School donated "Mims" to our class—"Mims," who, when not plugging in the College Course, won the hearts of her classmates by her captivating smiles. She plans to enter Mt. Holyoke next year.



Waitress at Football Banquet.
Member A. A.

Member Le Cercle Francais.
Cum laude.

JOURNAL



WALTER SCOTT STRANGE.

"Sir Walter."

"He was honest and of an open and free nature."

"Sir Walter" has successfully ploughed through the Commercial Course, ever smiling.

Corporal T. H. S. C.

MARY SOUZA TAVARES.

"Mae," "Brownie."

"Press on! while yet you may."

"Mae," from County Street, has worked in the Commercial Course for the past four years. She expects to enter the business world.

Cum laude.



LAURA MARION VAILLANCOURT.

"Fran."

"A bright little comely girl with large dark eyes."

The Commercial Course has been fortunate in having "Fran," from the Weir Grammar School, as one of its participants. Bryant-Stratton will receive her next fall.

Member A. A.

JOURNAL

ALICE MARION VAN COTT

"Myself and the lucky moment."

Marion happened along from Cohannet and has busied herself in the General Course ever since. She plans to work after graduation.



BRADFORD CHESTER VINECOMBE.

"Brad."

"For what I will, I will, and there an end."

"Brad" came with the gang from Cohannet and has worked more or less in the Technical Course during his high school career.

Corporal T. H. S. C.



EDWARD WALDEN.

"To live long, live slowly."

From Berkley Common came this golden youth who has plodded through the General Course. He is looking forward to being an electrician.

Corporal T. S. H. C.

JOURNAL



MARGARET YATES WALTON.

"Margie."

"She went through with whatever duty she had to do." A modest classmate is Margaret whose efforts in the Normal Course will carry her to Bridgewater next year. She will be a worthy representative of Taunton High.

Member Le Cercle Francais.

MARION LOUISE WESTGATE.

"Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait."

A merry rejoicer of the Commercial Course is Marion, from the Lothrop School. We wish her good success in office work which she will undertake after skipping away with her diploma.

Cum laude.



EMMA JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS. "Em."

"Eyes of most unholy blue!"

East Taunton sent us "Em" to share the joys and woes of the General Course. Perhaps she will go to some Domestic Science School next year—you never can tell.

Member Le Cercle Francais.

JOURNAL

GLADYS GILMORE WILLIAMS.

"God save the queen!"

A sedate sufferer of the College Course is Gladys, from the Weir Grammar. She is doubtful as to what school she will attend next year.



RICHARD E. WILLIAMS. "Dick."

"O mischief! thou art quick to enter into the thoughts of desperate men."

"Dick" has used his influence among the teachers of the General Course since he came from East Taunton. He is yet looking for excitement after he receives his diploma.

Corporal T. S. H. C.

RICHARD SIMMS WILLIS. "Dick,"

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Since entering high school from Weir Grammar, "Dick" has puffed along through the College Course, trusting that Tufts will receive him next year.



Sergeant T. H. S. C. '18.

2nd Lieutenant T. H. S. C. '19.

1st Lieutenant T. H. S. C. '19.

Manager Football Team '18.

Cheer Leader '17.

Member A. A.

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FRANCIS THOMAS KELIHER, "Kelly."

"I am for those who are not yet master'd."

The General Course claims another victory from Hopewell. Kelly, who has worked earnestly in school, though at the same time, unravelling the mysteries of the business world.

Member A. A.
Football '16

Baseball '19
Member "T" Club

BENJAMIN ZACKS. "Ben."

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed, 'God bless us, every one.'"

Four years ago Cohannet gave us "Ben" who has sharpened his wits in the Commercial Course. He expects to attend Boston University.



In Memoriam

Ethelyn Leonard

Died

December 14, 1917.

Ruth Rose Stone

Died

March 29, 1918.

Gordon Thompson Williams

Died

April 17, 1918.



TWENTY YEARS AFTER

ROBERT SEARS AND CURTIS KINGSBURY

RIDING into Toxin, Texas, on my Swedish bronco, and feeling blithe and debonair, I set out for the rooms of the Society for the Aid of Platonic Popicocc, as a starter on my wayward path. I was amazed and highly delighted to discover my old pal at Taunton High School, Curt Kingsbury, ensconced behind the librarian's desk, writing Latin sonnets. Upon seeing me, he murmured softly,

"By Dido! It's Bob Sears!" After prying my hand loose from Curt's trap-like grip, I questioned him about the folks back home and our friends at Taunton High.

"I knowest not," replied Curt, "but if thou wouldst fain repatriate—
"Sure!" I cut him short.

"But we'll make assurance doubly sure and take —— a train for Taunton. Jump on!" I finished and jerked him over to the railway station.

Approaching Taunton through Segregansett, our train stopped for water at Pardey's Piggery. I noted "Ken" Flint and "Ev" Kandarian, Thatcher's pig porters, sunning themselves behind the barn.

As the train lurched forward again, a particularly loud call for "Ticket" rang through our coach. Turning about, we discerned Milt Boyd disguised as a conductor, in the act of prying loose a quarter from a gentle cripple, Jack Brady. Jack had contracted spiral spinal meningitis from sleeping in pinch-backed pajamas and could not join us.

"Besides," he said, "I knew you fellows."

At the ivy-covered Taunton station, we were met by Joe Lawlor with a taxi of the Hawley Hauling Corporation. Telling Joe to drive slowly, we were rushed down Washington Street to the Mill River bridge.

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We gaped at the statue of Russell Belyea; M. M. (Menispermaceae of Mesocephalics), which, immortalized in ivory, adorned the triumphal arch at the end of the bridge.

Proceeding to the Green, we discharged Joe, leaving his tip-hand empty. The first galaxy that struck our astonished eyes was Mlle. Belden's Lingerie Shop. Pasted on the window a sign read:

See Our Collapsible Bathing Suits

Can be Carried Under a Wrist-watch

Comply to all State Laws

\$40.00 and Going Up!

We followed a crowd of women who stampeded by us and beheld in a department store window the sturdy forms of the "Patten Pair" who were demonstrating Klein's "Kling Klippers" to an admiring throng. We hastily withdrew and lolled down to the corner of Weir Street.

Bill Bennet, third assistant car starter, stood on a platform and cursed the conductors at their duties, while about his elevated position ran the newsboys. Among them I recognized Curt Leavitt.

Spying us, he shoved a copy of *Fred Mann Among the Amazons* under our eyes and yelled, "Only two cents."

Bill bawled something at him and informed us that the Drs. Guthrie and Willis, M. G. S. O. 4 were holding an operation and dance at their offices in the Zacks Building. We were not surprised to find Joe Fitzgerald running the escalator,—we knew he would pick out a hard job. We entered the doctors' offices and perceived Don at his old tricks, picking wall flowers, while Dick did an exhibition dance with Min Schempp, premiere danseur of the Czecho Ballet. Behind the palms flitted Clayt Harvey and Orville Howard endeavoring to escape the sight of Gladys Craig, to whom each owed a dollar and forty-two cents. In a corner, Curt interrupted a spontaneous outburst of — from Ed Hope who was on his knees before Miriam Strange. This was too much for us. We beat the elevator to the street.

Across the way rose the palatial offices of "The Hubbard Howl, Ink-operated." As we passed through the plate glass doors, we were

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hailed by the office boy. 'Twas none other than Earl Carpenter. He stood at the cash drawer counting bills and saying: "Five for me, five for Helen."

"Whatcha doing, Lizzie?" I asked.

"Taking airplane fare home," he replied.

"When did you move to China?" queried Curt.

We were directed by Liz to Helen Read's Chow Salon, where we hoped to find rest and an exuberance of simple food. The first thing that struck me as soon as I opened the door was the slipper of Alice Gregg, who kicked it off in her mad frolic called "Centipedes." Down the aisles Alice cavorted, whirled, pinwheeled, and glided.

"This," croaked Kingy, "is not a fitting place to spend one's time and money." I finally persuaded him to enter, after Alice had stopped her threatening dance and taken back her slipper.

Towering far above everyone came Harry Sandler, brushing the dust from the chandeliers and twirling his tray.

"Well," he demanded, "what can I do you for?"

"Have you any hamburger?" I asked.

"Yes, but we call it 'Petit Boeuf de la Bordelaise,'" he replied.

"I'll have a Pompadour, high on the sides, and spirits myrcial sauce," ordered Kingy.

"Tres bien," acquiesced Barney, "and will you have it in instalments or will you wait for it?"

"We'll wait," I answered. Barney mentioned that there was a couch in the rest-room.

On the cabaret stage, the chorus, under the direction of Milly Leonard, sang "Wrinkles." Annie Fallon accompanied them dismally on the piano while Annie Staples twanged the Jew's harp.

The walls were covered with reprimands:

"Food left over thirty days will be sold at auction."

"Eating is the curse of humanity"

"Take what you can get, we do."

Such a harrowing fire curbed our canary-bird appetites so that when Barney at last returned we didn't mention that there was only a rhubarb leaf and a piece of dog-meat on the platter. After eating heartily, we rescued our coats from the check-girl, Elsie Leonard, for the mere trifle of one peso, Mexican money.

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As we paused on the curb a moment to button our coats, something prodded me in the back. Turning, we beheld Helen Harvey in a coperette uniform.

"No loitering here," snapped Helen.

As we moved on, Helen said, "Just a minute. Here comes Henry Culver."

Sure enough, down the street pushing an apple-cart came Hen. We had expected to see Hen as a fur-coated personality in a limousine, but it seems Henry lost all his money in a heavy investment in "Coombs' Combs, Unltd."

The All Inn, once the Taunton Inn, under the managership of Gretorex Bradshaw, was our next stop. A diminutive bell-boy, Raymond Bourgoïn, grabbed our bags and rushed us to the desk where Edgar Appleton allowed us two keys and a room apiece. "A bath if it rains," he added by way of warning or generosity. We inquired of Gret as to the good shows in town.

"Well," said Gret, "Marion Child is in 'A Barrel' at the Casino, and Becci Braverman gives a recital every Friday evening at Gladys Appleton's School for Bashful Brats, but the best show is at Glen King's Bijou." Taking a chance on Gret's advice, we left for an hour's amusement.

Across the front of the Bijou was a sign reading: "The Rise of Rodolphus Rapkin," featuring Seeley Babcock. The sub-title read that Alice Alves would ably support Seeley. The vaudeville bulletins carried the photographs of Clara Dary and 'Leen McCarthy in "Pre-varicated Patter."

After paying Dot Ogg the cube root of twenty-seven cents, we were shown down the aisle by Cecil MacAloon. The films had just ended, and Jack Josselyn and Alice Hollindale offered their trained troupe of New Zealand Baccilli for our approval. Solo dancing by Marje Mehegan and Ruth Pepper followed. Ruth in a floating, flaring flurry and Marje in a soothing, silent symphony captivated every one. Our dreams were rudely shattered by the entrance of Brad Vinecombe, one minute man. Mick lauded, with intense eloquence, the beneficial qualities of "Marvel's Malted Milk" and exhibited Brad. Jr. as an example. A song by a completely-mixed quartet finished the performance. The quartet consisted of Pinky Macdonald, Morris Ashapa, Orville Smith, and Anna McNelly.

Rising next morning after a very brief nap on Gret's rocky mattresses, we proceeded to the high school. Nothing can compare with

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the feeling caused by renewing acquaintances in old surroundings. We were overjoyed to see Katharine McMahon, who had long since taken over the head mastership of the school, and Ida Rudolph, her assistant. In Room 101 hung the portrait of F. A. W., by Laura Vaillancourt. In the gymnasium Ath. Crowell and Florence Bostock directed the gyrations of a class of freshmen. Florence was a supervisor of discipline. Ed Kerton had never been able to get over his love for the building; every day he and Mary Buckley caress the floors and walks as a token of their regard.

As we regretfully descended the school steps, we found Howard Burt awaiting us in an overgrown mowing machine. He called it an automobile. This remained to be proved. As it was, he invited us to ride a while.

Up Broadway we raced and thence to Sabbatia Park. The old hole hadn't changed much. Hazel Gray, "*genum irritabile vatum*," sold peanuts and pickles to unwary wanderers. She told us that once in a while she got an afternoon off and she went to the city. She actually looked excited when she said it.

Sabbatia being a bit dry, we cut zig-zag across lots and landed at Dighton Rock. With the growth of Taunton, the park had enlarged and had taken the place of Dean Street as "Lovers' Lane." To see Erma Howe and Fred Entwistle under a beach sun-shade was not a surprise, but to see Mary Cronan do a high-dive into saucerful of water was too much. We lurched north to Taunton again.

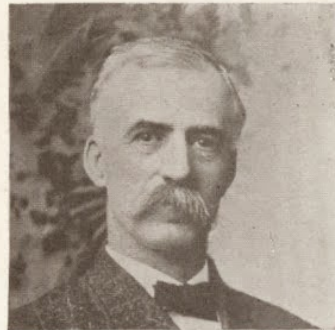
We arrived just in time to perceive Clem Noyes, all tricked and frownced with ribbons and gilt, leading a parade of nondescript volunteers of his army, the Sons of Rest. Otto Knopp brought up the rear of the procession with a Camembert Cheese in one hand and his nose in the other. I pulled Curt by the arm and we went to the All Inn for lunch. A new waitress, Ruth Gammons, dropped coffee on our shirts and \$1.53 on our check. Kate King, the cashier, informed us that every handsome gentleman ate free of cheese. In a jiffy we were outside.

We had become weary after so many adventures and mental shocks and sought some longed-for peace. A church, lighted with husbandry, invited us to repose. We entered, laid our flesh upon the moth-balled cushion, and slept. As I slept, I dreamt of the ranch in Toxin, of Perra, my foreman, of Nat Newhall, our cook, and Emolyn L., my beloved. In my reverie, I drifted through the Universe, saw the effects of Shaw's diatonic ray upon Mars, and the rise and fall of Dick Parke. But, something cut short all my romantic roving—Kingsbury was snoring.

SENIOR FACULTY



FRED U. WARD
Bowdoin College
Principal



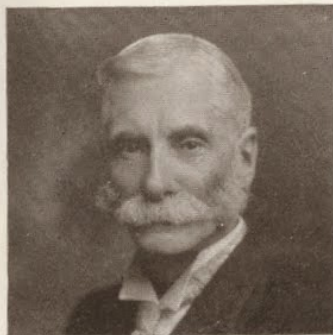
F. ARTHUR WALKER
University of Michigan
Mathematics 1884



CHARLES A. HATHAWAY
Tufts
Science 1893



FLORENCE H. STONE
Wellesley
English 1899



FREDERICK T. FARNSWORTH
Tufts
German, French 1909
Ancient History



HELEN G. GILMAN
Boston University
English 1907

SENIOR FACULTY



FRANCIS R. FOSTER
Mt. Holyoke College
Latin 1911



A. BELLE YOUNG
Elmira Business College
Stenography 1911



FRANKLIN P. HAWKES
Amherst
History 1917



AUGUSTA E. STEWART
B. C. Business College
Commercial 1912



LAWRENCE W. WILBUR
Salem Normal
Commercial 1915



ELSIE A. SALTHOUSE
Wellesley College
French 1915

ACULTY

HOW TO S

(Successfully Tried for Twelve

HELEN REA

Wellesley 1917
Mathematics, Latin 1917
ANNE WILLIAMS



GERTRUDE COTTON
Framingham State Normal
Economics 1918



GEORGE F. LORD
Bates College
Science and Athletic Coach 1918



EVA GRENIER
Wellesley College
French 1918



JAMES R. PARKER
Mass. Inst. Technology
Mechanical Drawing 1918



LOUISE R. WHITCOMB
Simmons
Household Economics

SENIOR FACULTY



EDITH M. WILLIAMS
Drawing



A. BELLE YOUNG
NORRIS O. DANFORTH
Cadets

FACULTY

GLADYS M. WILBUR
Tufts College
Mathematics

MIRIAM ALLEN
Wellesley College
Mathematics

GLADYS W. CHACE
Smith College
Mathematics

MAYDELL MURPHY
Wellesley College
English

VIVIAN A. BOWMAN
Boston University
Science

KATHERINE T. GAFFNEY
Bridgewater Normal
History

ROSE G. DUNN
Smith College
English

GRACE C. WELLS
Smith College
Latin

A. CLAIRE BOWMAN
Boston University
English

GRACE M. GRANT
Rhode Island Normal
Commercial

HOW TO STUDY

(Successfully Tried for Twelve Years by the Author.)

HELEN READ

ATENTION! Do you want to know how to get the best results from study? Here is a sure recipe. First, be sure to take home your books. Few realize the importance of this, but there are two striking reasons for it. The first is that you may meet a teacher. The second, less obvious, but very much more important, is that you may have a studious fit. You never know where you may be seized. The most susceptible moments are during a sermon at church or at a so-called comedy picture at the movies. The symptoms are an uncontrollable eagerness to study, which is at the same time unnatural and exhausting. The best known cure is a page of Virgil.

When you have eaten your luncheon and read the morning paper, you must begin to study,—that is, if you feel like it. Often you must study if you do not feel like it. Begin with the last lesson first. This is a rule which must not be broken, for it leaves the study periods free for notes, conferences, and peanut bars, which are of course what study periods were originally intended for. When you have gone over your lesson lightly once, go carefully back over the easy parts. Leave the hard parts to the bright pupils and, if these directions are carefully followed, there will be no danger that you will be a bright pupil. Next, take the next to the last lesson. Say that it is algebra. Do carefully the first, fifth, seventh, and last example. This is sufficient for the ordinarily stupid person. The smart ones must do more. Now it is time for light refreshments. The mind as well as the body needs refreshing. It is well to read a light story while one eats a cookie or a piece of cake. Doubtless the mail has come by this time and, as you cannot study well if you are curious, it is better to open it immediately. Then it is dinner time.

After dinner you hear Shakespeare calling you with sweet insis-

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tent strains which will not be denied. You lovingly fondle your English book and are miles away talking with Brutus and Portia when—alas—the telephone rings, and you rush to answer it. On the way you drop your English book and walk over it. You have been over your English. Be sure to mention this to your inquiring teacher. Never mind if you have no time to study your other subjects. There will be plenty of time on the way down in the morning,—that is—if you are not on the car more than ten minutes; if you are, do not try, for it is important that your mind be fresh for the day's work.

Much depends upon the attitude in class. If you have had a studious fit and know your lesson well, gaze out of the window, or whisper; anything to make the teacher think that you know nothing. Then she will call on you, and when you acquit yourself beautifully, she will think that she has misjudged you. Possibly she may change your yesterday's mark when you failed to answer at all, but it is not wise to count too much on this. However—if you know nothing about the lesson, regard the teacher with a look of rapt interest, raise your hand always as soon as any one is called upon, and convince the teacher so thoroughly that you know it all, that she will not consider it necessary to try you. The danger lies in the fact that many teachers are wise to this last ruse and catch you.

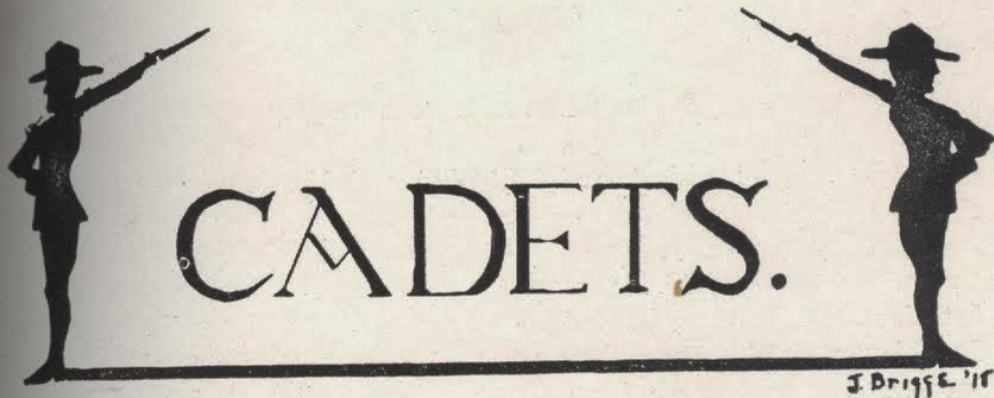
This is the way to study. Take my advice. Follow my directions carefully, and I guarantee that you will graduate *Minima Cum Laude*.



ORGANIZATIONS



CAPT. HAWLEY LT. KINGSBURY ADJ. PARDEY LT. APPLETON MAJ. BENNETT LT. WILLIS MAJ. DANFORTH LT. MANN CAPT. NOYES



WILLIAM HAWLEY

IN 1915, the freshman class, composed of a part of the eighth as well as the ninth grade, turned out more recruits than any other in the history of the school. This unusual number made a battalion of three companies possible for the year 1917-18. In the fall of 1918 the entering class was so much smaller that Major Danforth deemed it necessary to reduce the battalion to two companies for the year 1918-19. This reduced the number of officers and made the contest for commissions much keener.

The freshman instruction continued regularly until the influenza epidemic broke out during the last part of September when the school was closed and drill was suspended until early in November. On November 7, when the rumor came of the signing of the armistice, all the cadets who could be notified turned out and took part in a parade which proved to be one of the longest marches in the history of the organization. The next day the cadets were disgusted to learn that the rumor was false. A few days later, however, the real news came. This time the cadets participated in a parade of a much shorter march. These two parades, coming so early in the term, gave the cadets an opportunity to realize how much drilling would be necessary before the high standard set by the former cadets could be attained.

The battalion was formed during the middle of December, and the following officers appointed:

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Major William H. Bennett, Jr.

1st Lieut. and Adj. William S. Hawley.

	Company A.	Company B.
Capts.	Gordon Hughes	Clement Noyes
1st Lieuts.	William G. Hodges	Charles T. Pardey
2nd Lieuts.	W. Palmer Dickerman	Richard Willis
1st Sergts.	Edgar Appleton	Frederick S. Mann
	Battalion Color Sergt. Howard Burt	

The first social of the year was held December 24 at the State Armory. On this occasion the new officers made their first public appearance. The affair was pronounced by everybody a success.

Soon after the appointment of the officers, Captain Gordon Hughes and Lieutenants William G. Hodges and W. Palmer Dickerman resigned to enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This left Company A without leaders until the first of February when a new set of appointments were made. The following is the roster:

Major William H. Bennett, Jr.

1st Lieut. and Adj. Charles T. Pardey.

	Company A	Company B
Capts.	William S. Hawley	Clement Noyes
1st Lieuts.	Edgar Appleton	Richard Willis
2nd Lieuts.	Curtis B. Kingsbury	Frederick S. Mann
1st Sergts.	Greatorix Bradshaw	Howard Burt
	Battalion Color Sergt. Winthrop H. Patten.	

On February 7, most of the cadets marched to the station to help welcome home the members of the Ninth Company. It was a most thrilling experience.

The first Prize Drill and Ball of the year was held in the State Armory on February 25, and was attended by a very large and enthusiastic audience. Fine competition was shown in the drill for prizes. When the battalion was formed by the adjutant at the close of the competitive drill, a beautiful flag was presented to the cadets by the girls of the senior class. Then Lieutenant Goodrich, a former captain

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of the cadets, presented the following prizes: First, 1st Sergt. Bradshaw; second, Sergt. Perra; third, 1st Sergt. Burt; honorable mention, Private Willey. Dancing followed until midnight. This was one of the most successful drills in the history of the cadets.

War has taught us the need of men who have had military training. The four years of training given the Cadets is, therefore, very important, and should command the support of the entire school.





NOYES

ENTWISTLE

KANDARIAN
MR. HAWKES

PARDEY

CARR



C. THACHER PARDEY



WE must give credit to the Sophomores for arousing the first interest in debating this year. They started the matter going by holding before the school a debate between the two teams picked from their class. The question was, "Resolved that England should have supremacy of the seas." The affirmative was upheld by Brown and Lehan, and the negative by Makin and Carr. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. The sophomores immediately challenged any other class. Although without a team, the senior class accepted the challenge and immediately made preparations for backing up their acceptance. A debating club was formed, and, with the aid of Mr. Hawkes, a team, consisting of Entwistle and Pardey with Noyes as alternate, was chosen.

On January 29th, the sophomore and senior classes met in the first inter-class debate that Taunton has ever known. This time the question was "Resolved that Germany should be admitted to the League of Nations now." The sophomores, Makin and Carr with Brown as alternate, took the affirmative; the seniors, the negative. Again the decision was in favor of the negative, and had it not been for a challenge from Fall River, no doubt the seniors would have had to go against the juniors, for the latter had already voted to challenge the winner. However all attention was now turned toward choosing and coaching a team to defeat Durfee High of Fall River. With several of the teachers acting as judges, eight fellows tried out, and the following team was finally chosen: Pardey, captain; Carr, Najarian; and Entwistle, alternate.

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The question, of which Taunton was to uphold the negative, was, "Resolved that all immigration to the United States should be prohibited during the period of reconstruction." Although there was but a little over two weeks in which to prepare, everything was progressing well until just two days before the debate when Carr, our first speaker, broke his arm and was, consequently, unable to take active part. Entwistle was put in his place, and he accomplished the difficult task of learning some one else's speech on very short notice. Noyes was put in as alternate. On March 14th, Taunton, in this somewhat crippled condition, met the Fall River team consisting of Soforenko, captain, Kovolsky, Legare, and Goldberg, alternate. After a debate, which the judges claimed was among the closest to which they had listened, the decision was announced in favor of Taunton. Taunton won principally on account of the material presented. With this the debating season for Taunton closed.



GYMNASIUM WORK

MARGUERITE MACDONALD

UP to the beginning of the present year, the members of our class had little opportunity for physical training. In our freshman year, through the kindness of the Taunton Woman's Club, the Boys' Club building was secured for basketball by the girls, and several interesting and exciting games were played between class teams. This lasted, however, for only a year.

Naturally enough the girls hailed the new well-equipped gymnasium with delight. Its popularity was assured from the start. As laid out by the instructor Mr. Lord, the girls of the A and B groups report for work at the "gym" every Monday, and those in the C and D groups every Wednesday. The boys of the A and B groups meet every Tuesday, and the C and D groups every Thursday.

The work thus far has consisted of gym marching, free arm exercises, Indian club swinging, dumb bell exercises, and apparatus work. The program also includes relay and competitive races, group games, and basketball. Leaders were elected in each group, but the inability to have definite "gym" periods has made group competition impossible for the present.



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BASEBALL

G. DONALD GUTHRIE



URING the past few years the Taunton High School has been very successful in baseball. The school has for the last two years won the pennant in the Bristol County League and has only to win the cup this year to gain the undisputed ownership of the pennant. Last year's team composed of Captain Horton, Busiere, Lehan, Oxnard, Woolley, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Mader, Gregg, Spencer, Miller, and Taylor went through the league schedule without losing a game. In fact, it lost only two games during the season, both of them to Brockton High.

With the 1918 championship team practically intact and with the boys playing the same brand of ball they delivered last year, the outlook is very bright for the Orange and Black. Coach Lord and Captain Busiere sent out the first call for baseball candidates on April 8th, and over fifty boys from all classes reported for a tryout. The boys were quickly sorted into squads, the first squad being made up of the players from which the team representing the school was to be picked, and the second by those who were trying out for the class teams and for the first squad. The idea of class teams is new to the school this year, and the boys have taken the matter up with great enthusiasm which promises keen rivalry among the four classes of the school.

Taunton High is very fortunate this year in having for its coach a man who thoroughly understands boys and who has aroused the enthusiasm of the players to the highest degree. Mr. Lord is rated as one of the best coaches Taunton High has ever had. He has been ably assisted by Mr. Sample, who has charge of the second squad and has aided in sorting out the men and judging their baseball ability.

This year it would seem is going to show the spirit of the school in supporting a team which will win the pennant for Taunton High and prove to the other cities of the league that the old Orange and Black is just as prominent in athletics as ever.

VICTIMS THREE

WILLIS W. PATTEN

BOB Creighton's patience had nearly given out. He was well liked at his club because he was not easily roiled by what folks said or did. But what could a man do when his favorite chair by the fireplace was taken up by a sick kitten; when he must use canned cream in his coffee because the kitten had the cream from the fresh milk; when his wife was so engrossed with caring for her pet that the meals, when there were any, were got up on the spur of the moment; when all the attention that should have been lavished on him was given to a sickly angora kitten.

Yet for his wife's sake Creighton appeared to care as much as she did for the kitten, when the most humane thing he could have done would be to warm the water in which he gave it its last swim. He held it while Mrs. Bob poured cream down its throat with a teaspoon; he said not a word about his dislike for the animal, but down deep in his heart, how he hated that cat!

Mrs. Creighton adopted the kitten into the warmest spot in her heart. Creighton, too, loved the cat, but it was the boy's love for the dentist or the woodshed. Imagine his relief, then, when he came home one night to be greeted by a weeping, sorrowing wife. The kitten was dead. Oh, what should she do? She wished she were dead herself. And didn't Bob feel bad a bit? Yes, of course he did—when she was looking. He inwardly rejoiced that the pest was out of the way—and comforted his wife in her great sorrow.

He had to get his own supper that night—Mrs. Creighton had taken her tears and moans and signs and lamentations and herself to bed. His spirits rose steadily, and he began to see visions of future peace. After supper he took the evening paper and went to his favorite chair by the fireplace as he had been accustomed to do before the advent of the cat into his domain. He lighted the reading lamp and, as he started to sit down, he saw the kitten lying in the chair. His heart sank. Had the pest come back to life again? He placed his hand

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on it. No, false alarm! However, he did not disturb it. He sat somewhere else, but the presence was disturbing to his peace of mind. He grabbed his coat and hat and rushed out into the street. He got home shortly after midnight by way of several refreshment parlors and his club. His wife was asleep—thank goodness. He turned in and was soon asleep. He dreamed that a regiment of gray and white angora cats was chasing him, howling and spitting their hate.

With the morning came the question of how to dispose of the remains. Bob was calling the janitor. His wife immediately objected. She couldn't bear to have any rough man touch her pussy. Having lived with her for fourteen years, Bob wisely took himself off to his office.

He came home to lunch that day—an unusual thing for him. He felt that, in view of his wife's grief, he ought to be with her more. Mrs. Bob seemed more like herself, but she hadn't forgotten the kitten. She had the grandest idea! She had wrapped the kitten up in paper, and Bob was to take it to Harvard Bridge and throw it into the Charles River. Well! He guessed not! But the women usually have their way, so he went.

He boarded a Belmont car, holding his package gingerly by the string. The car afforded standing room only, and little enough of that. As the car turned from Huntington Avenue into Massachusetts Avenue, it stopped with a jerk. Creighton, caught off his guard, was catapulted into the crowd of standing men and women. By the time he got his wits together and found his parcel, the obstacle was removed from the tracks, and the car was in motion. He got off the car two blocks before it reached the bridge, and continued in the same direction still holding gingerly the disagreeable bundle.

The minute he stepped upon the bridge, a "cop" across the street fastened his gimlet eye on Creighton and his carefully-handled bundle. Creighton walked out a few hundred yards and stepped to the guard rail. The "cop" motioned to another of his fellow officers, who came quickly to see what was up. Creighton, for the first time aware of their presence on the scene, decided to move on. He walked way across the bridge, and as he was still followed, he turned back toward home. Curse the luck! Here he had spent all this time trying to do something he didn't want to, and now he must give it up.

As is usually the way in our "well-regulated" cities, a really suspicious character is allowed to go about unmolested, until he actually breaks the law, so back he went to Huntington Avenue, where he finally persuaded Mrs. Bob to get the janitor to dispose of the trouble maker.

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Bob told his wife to unwrap the kitten and make it look as natural as possible while he went to get the janitor. When he returned with the janitor, he found his wife crying passionately.

"You ugly mean cur," she sputtered, "to impose on my sorrow by such a mean trick as that," and on and on she raved, while Creighton stood speechless in amazement, and the janitor made a hasty exit. Creighton finally woke up and asked her what the matter was.

"Matter?" she screamed. "That!" She pointed to the chair where the opened bundle lay. Creighton looked. There were pork chops in the paper! Where in the world—his mind went back—ah! the car—the bump—the scramble—the wrong bundle—he burst into laughter, long, loud laughter. His wife stopped crying and looked at him with an injured air. When he could compose himself he told her the story but she couldn't see the joke.

* * * * *

Several days after, Bob Creighton dropped into his club for a smoke and a chat. As he passed a group of men at a reading table he heard one of them say, "And when she opened it, it was a dead cat!" Creighton didn't turn a hair. He kept on across the room and poured himself a scotch and soda. "I wonder," he mused.



CLASS WILL



E, the class of 1919 of Taunton High School, in the County of Bristol, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do, on this first day of May, hereby revoke all previous wills and codicils and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First:—To the class of 1920, we leave with deepest sympathy, our hilarious study room, our honored front seats in the assembly hall, and all superior positions.

Second:—To the class of 1921, we bequeath all the privileges of high school which we have been unfortunate enough to miss.

Third:—To the class of 1922, we leave the privilege of piloting the freshmen around the building.

Personal bequests.

A. Alves:—To any Junior who can survive the shock, the honor of being the first called upon for an oral theme.

E. Appleton:—My reserved seat in Room 103 to any luckless person for whom Mr. Walker has a fatherly fondness.
The vacancy I leave in the "Kat Klub" to L. Davidson '21.

G. Appleton:—My oral themes in history to any knowledge-seeking Junior.

M. Ashley:—My position at the lunch counter to any member of 1920.

M. Babbitt:—The pleasure I derive from arriving at school at 7:15 to G. Babbitt.

S. Babcock:—My president's chair in the Poets' Corner in Room 101 to any one capable of filling the position.

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- B. Belden*:—To Ruth Plumstead '20, my membership in Mr. Walker's Sewing Circle.
- R. Belyea*:—To Al Carr '21, my exalted position as Kat Kouncilor No. 1 in the Kat Klub.
- W. Bennett*:—To K. Sheppard '20, my old T.
To Al Makin '21, my power to second motions.
My gym suit to Bob Gregg '20.
To any Junior with a big voice, my position as Field Marshall of the T. H. S. C.
- H. Blevins*:—My dignified attitude in French to L. Scanlon '21.
- R. Bourgoins*:—To E. Blood '20, my ability for collecting afternoon periods. (See Mr. Walker).
My "stand in" with the study room teachers to J. Gadway '21.
- M. Boyd*:—My cadets stripes to R. Hathaway '21.
- G. Bradshaw*:—My lofty position as top sergeant of Co. A to any proficient Junior.
- G. Brady*:—To any Junior, my accomplished art of bluffing.
- J. Brady*:—My size 10 shoes to some little freshie.
- R. Braverman*:—My innumerable pieces of microscope slides to L. Searle '20.
- E. Brimecome*:—My sacred seat in the Sewing Circle to Jo Parlow '21.
The path I have made through the freshman halls to any Junior who isn't anxious to reach the botany class.
- D. Bryant*:—To any junior girl sufficiently courageous to brave the perils, my unique position in solid geometry.

JOURNAL

E. Carpenter:—My daily promenade from Room 101 to the office with the absent slip to E. Blood '20.

H. Carroll:—My correct spelling to E. Harrigan '20.

D. Clay:—My astounding knowledge of math. to E. Swift '20.

C. Coombs:—My French "Idiot Book" to A. Place '20. My membership ticket to the Sewing Circle to M. Coombs '22.

C. Cooperstein:—A slide of the blackboard in Room 104 for misspelled words to Leah Immerman '20.

G. Craig:—The privilege of making up five weeks' work to any Junior who has too much spare time.

M. Crannage:—My position as President of the Sewing Circle to M. Allyn '20.

My place on the window seat to E. Young '21.

M. Cronan:—My earnest endeavor to keep awake in French by drawing pictures to M. Magee '20.

A. Crowell:—My seat in Room 101 afternoons to R. Hathaway '21.

R. Duff:—To E. Bowen '20, the toil of dealing out 5's and 10's to the bread line, provided she is careful what she does in the cage. The honor of hanging her coat and hat on the dressing-room floor to M. Duff '20.

K. Flangheddy:—My love of study to Thomas Flangheddy '21.

L. Fuller:—My maps to M. Lamoureux '21.

F. Gaffney:—To A. Coyle '21, my ability to ask stupid questions.

R. Gammons:—To Mildred Howe '21, my place in the long, long trail to the lunch room which leads to a hot dog at the other end.

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- H. Gray*:—My art of looking intelligent to all long-suffering Juniors.
- A. Gregg*:—My front seat in the assembly hall to Doris Chase '20.
My shrieks in the lunch room to M. Mason '20.
- C. Harvey*:—Kenneth Rankin '21 may have my version of Jack London's book, "Two and One Half Points under a C."
- H. Harvey*:—To Grace Hopkins '20, my ability to attract F. A. W.'s attention in Room 102.
- H. Hathaway*:—My last year of Latin to any one looking for trouble.
- W. Hawley*:—To C. Dickerman, my remarkable knack of breaking windows and misspelling words.
- F. Hodgkins*:—My place in the bread line to Edythe Rothwell '20.
- A. Hollindale*:—My love of themes to any Freshman.
- H. Hubbard*:—My one remaining lunch check to M. Dean '22 with advice not to eat too much.
To E. Hubbard '22, my rubber-tired goggles to make him look wise.
- E. Ives*:—My curly bangs, which simply won't mind, to Blanch Bernier '20.
- Kandarian*:—The use of my Remington Typewriter to Smerdon '21.
- G. King*:—My ability to look wise to Al Carr '21.
- K. King*:—My standing room in the East Taunton car to Helen Hall '20.
- O. Kingsbury*:—My patient clicker to Hoyt Willey '20 with advice to use with caution.
- G. Knopp*:—The neutral relations existing between F. A. W. and myself to Arnold Dill '21.

JOURNAL

J. Lawlor:—The T. H. S. and all its possessions I leave with pleasure.
What remains to Kiernan '20.

E. Leach:—My faithful book-strap and place at the pencil sharpener to
M. Syner '21. My ability to amuse myself in French to
M. Brown '21.

E. Leonard:—My good luck in throwing baskets to M. Magee '20.
To Ruth Taylor, the south-west corner of the mirror.

M. Leonard:—My would-be Dutch cut to D. Murdock '21.

C. MacAloon:—To any junior, my acceptional ability to dodge freight
trains in order to arrive on time.

S. Lynch:—My brilliant recitations in history to H. Kiernan '20.

M. Macdonald:—To H. Macdonald '21, my ability to act in French char-
ades (chouxfleurs).

To Mr. H——s, my number 10 Buster Brown collar and
a red tie.

To "Tubby" Mason '20, my ability to jump in gym.

F. Mann:—My front seat in English to any junior who wants a paper-
basket.

R. Marvel:—My extensive knowledge of algebra to V. Pierce '20.

K. McMahon:—My place at the end of the ticket line in the lunch-room
to Hilda MacCallum '20.

A. Mc Nelly:—My ability to translate Lichtenstein to Esther Lincoln '21.
My important position at the desk in the study room
to E. Blood '20.

M. Mehegan:—My position as one of the "noisy four" in Room 113 to
Lindsey Phillips, '20.

My indisputable advantage of getting a lunch free of
charge to D. Mehegan '22.

JOURNAL

N. Newhall:—My position at the study room desk to any Junior who wants to get in wrong with every one.

C. Noyes:—My art of amusing the solid geometry class to S. Robinson '20.

D. Ogg:—My renowned ability to talk to A. Place '20; that is, if she won't overwork.

Willis Patten:—My berth with the dislocated leg in 201 to any book-keeping III enthusiast.

Winthrop Patten:—My nervousness while carrying the flag to the next color sergeant.

A. Pedro:—All that I don't know to F. Hartigan '21.

R. Pepper:—To some future absent-minded freshman, my ability to walk into the wrong room at the wrong time.
To Grace Hopkins '20, my dignified behavior and gift of gab.

C. Randlet:—My "ands" to the one who needs them most.

H. Read:—To B. Williams '22, my standing with the faculty.
To Marjorie Knox '20, my ability to coin French words.

R. Reynolds:—To two juniors who are unfortunate enough to have the sixth period free, we leave the enjoyable task of counting lunch checks.
F. Gibson:

A. Riley:—My record of perfect attendance to anyone who loves school.

I. Rudolph:—My love of gab to G. Macdonald '22.

H. Sandler:—My efforts in English to Kempner '20.

M. Schempp:—My superfluous pencils to H. Lydick '21.

JOURNAL

R. Sears:—My red tie to F. Makin '21.

All arguments and utterances in English and history to
Rater '21.

Concocting abilities to Brown '20.

M. Shaw:—My membership in the Kat Klub to Hathaway '21.

My superfluous height to Lehar '21.

A. Simmons:—To any prospective victim of commercial geography, my
conferences with some other unfortunate.

E. Stockman:—My superabundance of hair to Dot Day '20.

M. Strange:—The surgeon's plaster I have used in mending my Virgil
to the victim who gets it next year.

I. Smith:—My extraordinary height to Margaret Lane '20.

M. VanCott:—My duty as assistant librarian to Ruth Plumstead '20.

M. Walton:—My botany microscope to Dot Smith '21.

M. Westgate:—To Vera Smith, my pencil three inches long.

R. Willis:—My responsible position at the ice-cream emporium to Rob-
inson '20, and my youthful tuning fork to Baker '21.

B. Zacks:—My ability for translating insurance policies to Gregg '21.

M. Van Cott:—The duty of assistant librarian to Ruth Plumstead '20.

Kappa Phi Delta:—To the Kappa Phi Delta of 1920, we bequeath our
gorgeous bows and our capacity for "feeds."

Signed and delivered this day in the presence of

SOCRATES.

F. ARTHUR WALKER.

FATTY ARBUCKLE.

PALS I HAVE HAD

RICHARD WILLIS

MY first real pal was Roscoe Arbuckle. He and I met at school. I was attracted by his geniality and easy-going nature, and he liked me because, well, I shall always think that it was because my mother was a good cook. We fished together, played hookey, rang neighbors' doorbells, stole apples, and camped together. Aviation was Roscoe's pet hobby. I suppose lately since he has gained in weight he has given it up. Well, to satisfy his desire to fly, we used to rig up umbrella parachutes and slide off the schoolhouse roof. When that grew tiresome and too easy, Roscoe thought up a new scheme in elementary aviation. He stretched a stout wire cable from the uppermost ridge of the schoolhouse to a tree some hundred miles away. Attached to the cable was a single pulley with hook to take hold of. The object was to take hold of the hook and slide or rather ride the length of the wire. The only difficulty was that Roscoe couldn't persuade any one to test it. In our school there was a girl known as the village tomboy. I think her name was Elizabeth Jenkins; I know we called her "Liz." When I think of her now I can't help being reminded of those familiar phrases, "homely language" and "pastoral poetry." Well, Liz was elected to try out Roscoe's new joy ride. Bashfulness prevents me from carrying this story further.

When I moved to high school, I had another pal. This fellow was very different from Roscoe. With him I studied, attended musicals and lectures, walked in the woods discussing current events, and was permitted to meet his distinguished friends, who I remember talked of nothing but their noble ancestors and the various branches of their family trees. He left school during our junior year. Since then my pals have been my books.

PALS I HAVE HAD

WILLIS W. PATTEN

I had a pal once. I thought he was a pretty good sort of fellow to go around with. He was in my class at school, was my age, and lived near my home. We had some things in common. We both liked to tramp and to fish. Occasionally we both had to return to school for afternoon sessions. We were both electrically inclined, and spent some little time experimenting with telephones and shocking machines.

But I found, after a while, that his interests were becoming different from mine. He got into society. He had considerable money to spend. He was free at all times to do as he wished, and could not understand why I must sift the ashes, or hoe the garden, when he could go to the movies, or to a ball game. He went out evenings; I was kept at home. He broke engagements with me in favor of other acquaintances. I discovered, after a while, that he was not my pal at all.

I chum around with another fellow now. He seems to want to do everything that I want to do. When I am late for school, he is always late too. When I have a hard job to do, he is always right there. He works at the same trade I work at. He spends his evenings with me. If I go riding on my bicycle, he goes along. If I have to study, he studies too. If I feel that I can't afford to see a certain play at the theatre, he doesn't go either. In fact he always agrees with me on all subjects, religious, political, civil, or personal. I think I make a pretty good pal for myself.



JOKES and GRINDS

Though boring these may be,
We offer them to you
In the hope that you may see
The point in one or two.

R. B.

Sears: "I know a man who is a great magician and can change himself into all kinds of animals."

Kingsbury: "O that's nothing; I've seen you make a donkey out of yourself more than once."

B. Belden: "Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?"

R. Duff: "I'll say so! I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayer with "yours truly."

JOURNAL

"I never stay," said Bennett;
"I'm an angel undefiled;"
"Oh, yes!" cried Mr. W——r.
"You're mother's angel child."

Carpenter (on his first trip from Rehoboth): "Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," graciously answered the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."

HOW TO BE A "BOLSHEVIK."

If you would be a "Bolshevik,"
For some hard missile first you seek;
A nice, square cobblestone will do,
Or, lacking that, just get a shoe
And hurl it at some window sash
And listen to the lovely crash.
Then find a box from which to speak,
And let your breath with garlic reek;
But throw at least three bombs a day
And start at least one street affray;
Then shave but once in thirteen weeks,
And you are one of the "Bolsheviks."

R. B.

R. Gammons, translating Latin: "Speaking these things, she looked at him with averted look, rolling her eyes about."

And again: "The awe-stricken doors yawned open."

Quick—the Kodak!

Teacher: "Give the principal parts of froze."

Pupil: "Freeze, froze, frizen."

That's like the principal parts of pose:—pies, pose, pizen!

JOURNAL

SEEN BY NIGHT

One Saturday after 9 P. M.,
I looked into the door
Of that imposing edifice,
Ames's Butter Store;
And whom did I see but Captain Noyes
Just sweeping up the floor!

R. B.

"My dad has a hickory leg."
"That's nothing; my sister has a cedar chest."

Froth.

Teacher (dictating): "Scene four."
Student: "Nope. Didn't see none."

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

Would you believe it?

The atmosphere in 103
Is just as calm as it can be;
You can hear the foot-steps of a flea
In the study room of 103.

The atmosphere in 101
Is full of merriment and fun;
You couldn't even hear a gun
In the study room of 101.

R. B.

A pale young chemistry tough,
While mixing some horrible stuff,
Touched a match to a vial,
And in a short while
Dissolved to a front tooth and cuff.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

With apologies to Thomas Moore and Shakespeare

RUSSELL BELYEA

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Strange theorems crowd my sight
And geometries surround me;
The arcs, the chords,
Drawn on the boards,
The circles meeting never;
The tangents long,
Drawn always wrong,
Periods that last forever!
Thus, in the stilly night,
My mind they thus encumber,
Square circles cross my sight;
No wonder I can't slumber!

If I remembered all
The theorems that were taught me,
My head would be so full
My brains would be quite groggy;
Those I retain
Confuse my brain
And mix me up with others,
Until I see
What should not be
And think my brain another's!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
I try to chase away the sights
That always circle 'round me.

IF

With apologies to Kipling

MIRIAM STRANGE

If you can concentrate when all about you
Are giggling and telling jokes to you;
If you can bluff your French and fool the teacher,
And seem to be a shark in all you do;
If you can take exams without misgiving
And when they're done can say "Bring on some more!"
If you can make a joke of mathematics,
And stand four years of that disgusting bore;
If you can fill the whole long school year
With every bit of studying you ought,
I doubt if this mere earth can hold you,
You're superhuman, you'll never count for naught.



The Person Who Has Most Impressed Me This Year

ROBERT G. SEARS

JOE Mitchell Chapple has most impressed me this year. He gave me the idea that the war had brought him to climb heights and sound depths hitherto undreamed of. Through his visit overseas he had come to realize the infinitely small but vastly important part we all play in this great world. The war had revealed to him afresh the imperative need of altruism and democracy, and he came to us to give us a glimpse of the vision that the battle fields had opened to him.

And yet Joe Chapple was not a mooning idealist. He was just a plain man, inclined toward the comedian, who enjoyed himself and all the world. Pudgy, flat-footed, ungainly, and homely in a frock coat, his face seamed and wrinkled, he reminded me, as he stood there in a perfectly natural poise, of a Lincoln without the awkward dignity and severity. Mr. Chapple turned pathos into humor and back again; he both thrilled and delighted his audience. He believed in reminiscence but not in living in the past. His idea of life was evident in his speech and face. Always facing the sun, he reflected its brightness and cheer into the hearts of his hearers. Such a man, haloed with unfailing optimism, could not fail to radiate sweetness and light and strength, for life to him means service to country and to God.



A PRACTICAL JOKE GONE WRONG

THACHER PARDEY

BOB Clarke rolled out of bed, did the prettiest handspring you ever saw, and landed on the back of his neck with his feet against the wall. Such are the disadvantages of attempting in a semi-dormant condition to do acrobatic stunts in a six-by-ten room. For Bob was not awake, at least not until after the handspring. A fellow will do almost anything when trying to jump over three lions and land in a river without getting his feet wet. Being vaguely conscious that something was not just as it should be, Bob slowly opened his eyes, gazed upward, saw his feet, and wondered how they got there. Without changing his position, he reached over to the bureau and picked up his watch. He gave one terrified look at it and jumped to his feet. Bob was awake.

Confound this daylight-saving; a fellow never could tell what time it was; it didn't look like 7:45 to him even if his watch did say so. With these thoughts running through his mind, he gave his necktie a vicious tug, hastily ran the comb through his unruly hair, and slammed his door behind him. Then he stopped; the old hall clock, which was always ten minutes fast, started to strike; one, two, three, four, five, six;—he waited, but that was all. He took out his watch and looked at it. It was still 7:45.

"Must have broken something when I fell over the cat last night," he muttered.

The day was surely spoilt. Whoever heard of any one getting up at such an hour? But what must be done? To stay up would break all precedents; to go back would involve additional labor. Bob compromised. Arguing that five hours' sleep was not enough for anybody, and that dressing twice in one morning would be useless as well as distasteful labor, he went back to bed without the customary change of attire.

"Time to get up, Bob," said a voice from the outside.

"Again?" queried Bob sleepily, not realizing just what he meant.

"Now I wonder just how much time I should allow for dressing?"

JOURNAL

Just then the hall clock struck eight. Forgetting that it was ten minutes fast, he suddenly realized that school began at 8:15 whether he were there or not. Deciding that it would be better for him, at least, if he were there, he entirely lost sight of the fact that it is radically impossible to appear completely dressed within ten seconds after being roused from deep slumber.

At the bottom of the stairs Bob received another shock. The dining-room clock indicated 8:50. Surely no one could complain of a lack of variety. It was now decidedly impossible to get to school on time. Therefore, why hurry? Bob immediately followed this unspoken advice, and, deciding that an empty stomach was an unnecessary discomfort in this case, directed his steps toward the pantry. Why couldn't somebody get up in time to get him his breakfast?

After a palatable, perhaps, but uncaloric breakfast, consisting of a little of everything, Bob proceeded to hunt up his books. Where had he put the darn things? Had he brought any home anyway? At last, bookless and in a much-ruffled state of mind, he set out for school.

As he walked along, carelessly ignoring the beauties of spring, he attempted to decide what excuse to put forward for being late. To say that he hadn't got up in time would be a crude, inartistic excuse. He might have been delayed at the railroad crossing if there had been any. In fact, there were all sorts of excuses, but none seemed adequate. In his abstraction he managed to stub his toe, and fall with a headlong dive toward the gutter. Owing to a jagged telephone post, however, he failed to reach his destination, but collapsed on the sidewalk, not quite able to make sure whether there were seven or eight stars in the big dipper that was rapidly traveling around the moon.

Collecting his thoughts, he got up, somewhat disappointed that no bones were broken. After having partially eased his feelings by breaking a window with a stone that was intended to hit a cat, he concluded that the neighborhood was no longer healthful, and all too slowly resumed his way. An old man with a bump on the back of his head, a stone in one hand, and a morning paper in the other appeared at the recently demolished window, saw the retreating unfortunate, and with a yell that rivaled Caruso, demanded an explanation. Bob hesitated, considered, hung out a flag of truce, and finally asked for an armistice. He warily approached the window, and at the same time tried to look truthful. Bob finally compromised, however, and agreed to pay for the window.

JOURNAL

By this time he was beginning to wonder if it were really advisable to go to school at all.

"Ought to get there in time for recess," he predicted hopefully.

Wondering if any school-mate were mourning for him, he hastily made for the nearest entrance to school. It refused to open! He tried all the doors in turn; they all refused to open!! Bewildered but piously conscious of an honest attempt to attend school, he wheeled about and made for home.

"Where have you been, Bob?" was the greeting he got when he returned.

"Nowhere," snapped Bob, who had not yet been able to decide just why school was closed, just what had happened to his books, just why the clocks —.

Then for no reason at all he "fell." He remembered all. It was Saturday!

On Friday, it was not his custom to take home any books. Why litter up the house over Sunday? And as for the clocks, hadn't it been a great joke to set one clock ahead on Friday night in the hope that some one might get confused? And *some one* surely had been confused. He had played a successful practical joke upon himself!

"I certainly am the original hard luck guy," was his final remark, and what a monstrous way to spend a precious Saturday morning!!"

CLASS ODE

WORDS BY HELEN W. HUBBARD
MUSIC BY GREATOR EX C. BRADSHAW

The summons has come for us to embark
As we stand on the shore of life's sea,
And ling'ring we turn to look back on those years
Which have bound us in friendship with thee.
We have learned from thy teaching the lesson of truth
And, unconscious of fates which impend,
We shall ever press on toward the goal that's in sight
Being faithful to thee to the end.

Our fortunes will lead over perilous seas,
Through contests and trials that are long;
Yet, undaunted, we strive, as forward we go,
For we know that in thee we are strong.
Our hearts are resolved and our purpose is fixed
To endure till the struggle is won,
For thy radiant truth will be a sure guide
Till the hazardous journey is done.

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A stylized, cursive handwritten signature that reads "Choicener". The signature is written in dark ink and is enclosed within a rectangular border.

Photographer

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